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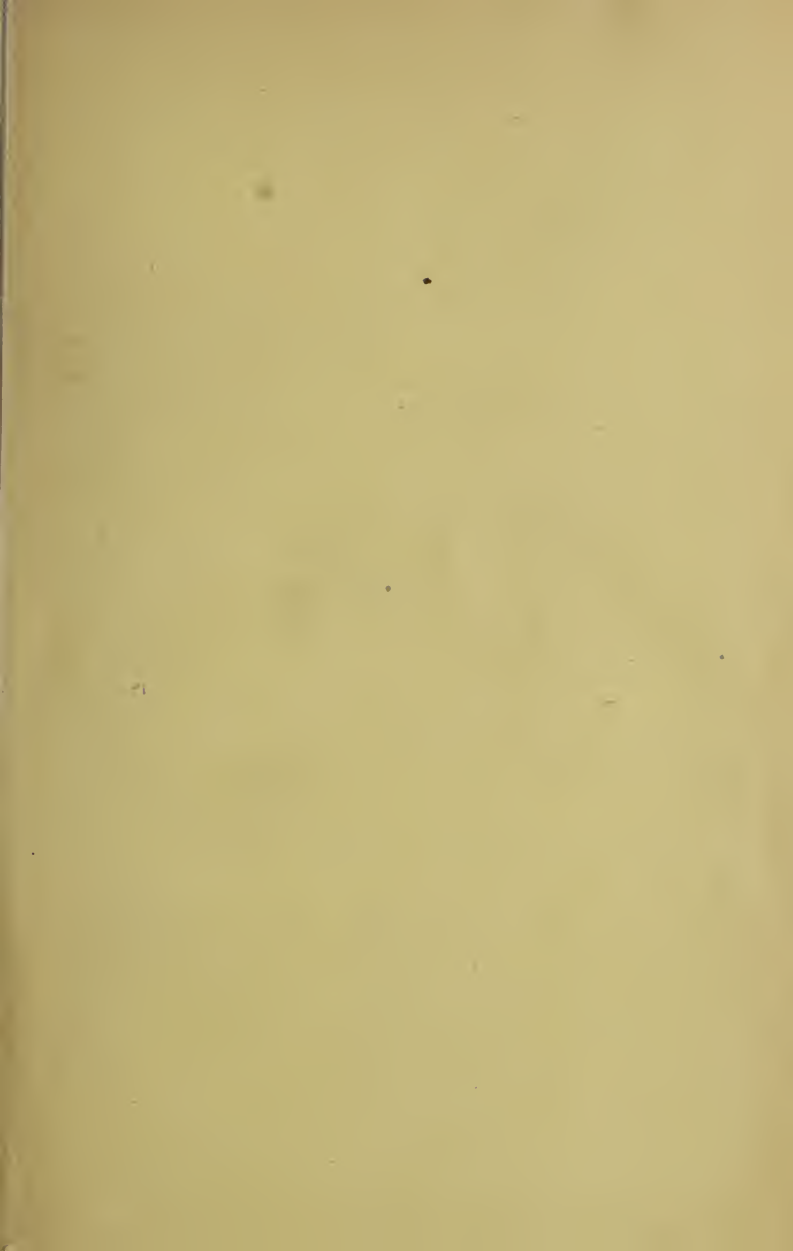
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# LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

## Heathen Women.

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VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1870.

No. 8.

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INDIA.

THE SEED IS THE WORD.

BY MRS. S. C. DEAN.

UNDER the shade of the mango-trees, between two villages, our tent was pitched. The larger village was about one-third of a mile distant on our left ; and the other close by at our right, on the opposite side of a small stream. I had been into the latter, and had a talk with a company of women at the house of a " Joshee," the village astrologer, who had invited me to come ; but as yet I had not been able to get access to the women in the town. I had, however, made my way into the fields, and talked with some of the poorer classes, who were digging peanuts.

One day, a company of travellers passed along the road, going to the town. There were two vehicles drawn by oxen, closely curtained, concealing those within. The oxen were ornamented with bells, tassels, and small blankets of turkey-red cloth. Two or three horsemen rode alongside. After they had gone on several rods, they stopped ; and one of the horsemen galloped back to the tent with a message from the principal personage in the party.

The wife of a petty rajah had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of an idol to perform a certain vow ; and now she was returning home to a distant city, but intending to stop a few days with an aunt in the village. She sent her compliments, and wished to know when she might call upon me. I named an hour the next day. She arrived at the appointed time, accompanied by her aunt, the " Bae Sahib," a title of respect, and many followers from the town. The ladies came in the covered cart, and were closely veiled till they got into the tent. I showed them pictures, books, my sewing-machine, played and sang some of our hymns translated into Mahratta, all which seemed to please them very much. I then alluded to the pilgrimage, and tried to impart some religious truth to them ; but the priest who came with them arose, and said they had made a long call ; and so the visit ended.

Bae Sahib urged me to call upon her very soon. I took an early opportunity and went. Her niece had gone, but she met me at the door, and led me to the veranda of the inner court, where mats were spread for us to sit upon. Her aged mother, having a very pleasing face, was presented to me, and I was hopeful that I might do them some good. The priest who came with her was there, — I learned afterward that he was the family priest, — and annoyed me by interrupting our conversation, and trying to prejudice the women against any thing I said in favor of Christianity. The interview was not satisfactory. I wanted a private talk, but caste prejudice prevented them from asking me into their private apartments.

We left the place without seeing them again. The year after, when the mission-house was completed, we went there to reside. Bae Sahib was among the first to send me a message of welcome, and ask me to come and see her. I went, taking my New Testament ; but the house being full of visitors, I again came away, thinking that very little, if any, good had been done.

A few months later, we were obliged to leave our chosen field of labor on account of my husband's continued ill health. As soon as Bae Sahib heard this, she sent word by one of our people that she intended to make me a stealthy call on a certain evening. She came, and I took her by a side door into my bedroom. As soon as we were seated, she took hold of my hands and said, "How can I let you go? Who will tell me of what I wish to know? Tell me again of the name of the one to whom you pray?" "Jesus Christ," she repeated after me; and then said, "How do you pray in his name? 'For Jesus Christ's sake,'" she slowly repeated after me. Tears came into her eyes.

My friends, you who have never tried to lead a soul to Jesus cannot know the joy I felt that a spirit of inquiry had sprung up in that dark heart. I told her that she must watch for opportunities to learn of Jesus, and pray for light, and the Saviour would show her what to do.

Is it wholly in vain that we go to the heathen? or give to the cause of missions as the Lord prospers us? The seed is the Word. Be it ever so small, the power of the Spirit can cause it to grow in the heart, and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of God.

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### KURAPPAL'S NEW NAME.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

WE invited our Christian people to come on New Year's, and spend the Sabbath, and help us dedicate the "Hartford Tent." Jewel of Life came, and how good she looked! Kurappal came, and how her face beamed! Mariammal came, moving about with such quiet dignity and grace, that I loved to look at her. The very thought of her as conducting women's meetings, and showing consistency of character, is inspiring. "Nothing

can ever take from me the wealth that I have found here," was her testimony to the worth of this school to her. Elizabeth came, free from the tyranny of her mother-in-law for a while. And Irulai came. So did Kurappai's mother-in-law; and a lovable woman she is. It was a pleasant greeting.

Kurappai, Elizabeth, and Peri joined the church on the Sabbath. The previous examination was conducted before all the church-members; and when the vote respecting Kurappai was to be called, her mother-in-law was asked if she had any objection to make concerning her fitness for the step. She ventured to say, that, when Kurappai was angry, she wouldn't speak. This was infinitely amusing to me; for I had drilled it into the girls to shut their mouths under provocation, and Kurappai had learned the lesson well while she was here. This was not regarded as a disqualification.

I had a new lesson on this very point the other day. When reproved for some neglect of duty, my sweeping-woman, a quiet, gentle body, broke forth into such a storm of words that I was astonished.

"My good woman," I exclaimed, "you need not rave so!"

Throwing down her broom, she put on an air of offended dignity.

"Don't you know, that, if we don't scold when we are angry, the people call us idiots? If we scold, they think we are brave, and have sense."

This view of the subject of fierce quarrelling will serve me some future day.

"Sabbath noon, just before church-time, Kurappai came to me and said, —

"I don't want to be baptized with such a heathen name. I want a better name."

Dismayed at the want of time for counsel on so important a subject, I asked her if she had any choice.



“None at all, only to have a name suitable for a Christian woman.”

“And I will write upon him my new name.” Yes, it must be the Lord’s will to give Kurappai a new name; so I sent for the father-in-law, and the mother-in-law, and the sisters Martha and Nyannammal, and the brother Samuel. The husband, Solomon, could not be spared from his home.

“Kurappai wants a new name: do you approve?” I said to the father-in-law.

“It is better to change it. Her present name is heathenish. It is the name of a heathen goddess.”

“Will you mention something?” I asked.

We now had quite a gathering about us, all intensely interested in a “new name” for Kurappai.

“Call her Annal,” said Vetham: “she was a good Bible woman.”

“Call her Parkium,” said Mariammal. Parkium means “happiness.”

“Call her Lydia,” said Virginia.

“Let the mother-in-law give us a name. She is the proper person,” said I, turning to her as she sat close by my side.

“Let her name be Rebecca.” Promptly and distinctly she said it, and the murmur of approval sealed the decision. The father-in-law repeated it, and nodded a positive assent. The brother and sisters were told to say “Rebecca.” The school-girls echoed “Rebecca.”

“Neither shall thy name any more be called Kurappai, but thy name shall be Rebecca. May the Lord our God bless thee evermore!”

Thus it was that she was baptized Rebecca.

## CHINA.

WE give below the last letter of Miss Mary E. Andrews of Tung-Chow, the beloved missionary, concerning whose fate Mrs. Chapin expressed much anxiety in her remarks at the Brooklyn meeting : —

“ The temple Tieu Chung Sy, in which we spent the summer, is situated in a beautiful gorge of the mountains ; and the road is so steep and rocky, that we can only go up to it on foot. The first day, on our way up the hill, we stopped at a little temple by the roadside to rest ; while there, a poor woman came to see us, carrying a sick child, who for four years had been unable to walk. Of course, we could not help the poor child ; but, while the mother rested, we talked to her of Jesus, and his power to heal the sickness of the soul. She listened eagerly, and seemed to take in the meaning of the Saviour’s wonderful sacrifice, and of the way of salvation through him. A few days after, she came up to the temple to see us, bringing other women from the village. Again we spoke of the Saviour, and read from the Gospels, and sung to them. They invited us to go to the village, and talk to those who had not heard. At our first visit, they begged us so earnestly to teach them more, that we went again and again, until nearly all in the village had heard the truth, and many seemed to understand the way of salvation. One poor woman said she had no sin, and needed no Saviour ; another told us, that, if this doctrine would only tell them how to get riches, they would all follow it ; and a third said this teaching was very good, but it was hard to change.”

## BIBLE-WOMEN.

“ I have a Bible-class each Sabbath, composed of five women, who will, I hope, become Bible-readers. One of them, Mrs. Ysua, is an earnest Christian, and is very much interested in learning to read. We are studying the Gospel of Mark.”

## CEYLON.

## LETTER FROM MISS TOWNSEND.

MISS TOWNSEND, of Oodoopitty, Ceylon, writes us very encouragingly of her work. We give from her pen the following account of a heathen festival.

## PULIAR'S FESTIVAL.

Last month I witnessed the ceremonies of the Pular's temple at Manepay on the day of the annual feast, and gained such an idea of Satan's power over the minds and hearts of men as I never before received; and, painful as the sight was, I will try to tell you of it, that you, too, may know and weep.

The temple at Manepay is across the road from our church. Our oldest missionaries remember it as consisting of a simple hut and a stone Pular under the tree from which the temple takes its name. Private individuals have erected buildings, added courts and resting-houses, covering a large piece of ground; so that, from the little temple under the tree, it has become one of the seventy-seven large temples of Jaffna, which hold great annual festivals, attended by crowds of people, with much display and expense. A festival usually lasts ten or fifteen days. Pular is the oldest son of the chief god and goddess of the Sivites. His face is that of an elephant; and, having four hands besides the trunk, he is called the "five-handed god." He has three eyes; and many of his worshippers are seen with a spot between the eyebrows, on the forehead, in imitation of him. He is a bachelor, and once made his mother very angry by replying to her advice to choose a wife, that he should not marry until he could find a wife equal in all respects to herself. For punishment, she caused him to sit by the roadside to choose a spouse from the passers-by. Therefore Pular's temples, and even little stone Pulars, are found by the roadside. His father, for a misdemeanor, once cuffed him and pulled his ears. Though chagrined at this treatment, he asked his father to

grant that persons should invoke his aid before undertaking any business, and that his worshippers should cuff their own heads and pull their own ears, in honor of the treatment he had received. This was granted, and he is worshipped accordingly. The invocation begins with the breaking of a cocoanut.

At eight o'clock in the morning, people were flocking to the temple; some on foot, some in carts, parents carrying children, and all bringing a bag of rice, with the pot and wood with which to boil it, and other offerings of fruit, vegetables, &c. The wide plain on three sides of the temple was already covered with people engaged in rice-boiling to the gods. The steam or flavor only is acceptable; and the cooked rice is carried home, or given to the religious mendicants who are sure to be present. By this act of charity, the givers lay up a certain amount of merit in a future world.

At eleven, I went up into the tower of our church, where I could look down upon the scene, and watch the entire proceedings, except what transpired within the temple buildings. An intelligent native Christian explained the proceedings I could not understand. The crowd was very large, forming little companies over the plain, making rice offerings, or gathered about the temple in great numbers, filling the rest-houses, standing about, lounging under the trees, or running wherever there was any excitement. One shed, which was much crowded, was erected for the occasion, by a private individual, to supply water and sour milk to the people. In a tank, which seemed nothing more than a large, irregularly-shaped pond, many tardy ones were still bathing, drinking the muddy water, and washing their cloths, in order to purify themselves preparatory to making their offerings. Apart from these, in an arm of the same tank, the heated oxen which had drawn the carts were being refreshed by standing in the water, and having their bodies washed by their owners.

The wall, or outer enclosure, of the temple had covered sheds on each side, with raised floors forming resting-places for the pil-

grims. Within this wall we could see the low roof of the temple itself, and the tree which is also considered sacred from its locality. Many people were within this enclosure ; some merely gazing, others offering religious homage to the tree, while the passage-way was filled with men rolling on the ground, and then rising and stepping forward with uplifted hands to place their feet in the spot where their hands had been, and again prostrating themselves. In this way, these men and women, in performance of a vow, made the circuit of the temple, all going from left to right, in order to enter the temple from the right side. As I turned from this sight, I saw a nicely-dressed woman in the road in front of us, making the long circuit of the entire temple wall in the same manner. She was accompanied by two attendants, and was most punctilious to place her feet exactly in the spot marked by her hands. Remember the broiling sun of a tropical noon, the dust, the publicity, which is the greatest of trials to a heathen woman, and get some idea, if you can, of how Satan cheats God of his due ; for there is no doubt that the prayer which led to the performance of this vow was that of Hannah's in the temple.

From the early morning until the ceremonies closed, companies of cavady-bearers were coming in, and bringing their offerings to the god. The cavady is an ornamental arch of wood, covered with tinsel, peacock-feathers, and any thing that can add to its gaudy appearance ; and is carried on the shoulders of the individual from his home to the temple, in performance of a vow usually made in sickness. Preparation is made for the ceremony by some days of fasting ; and the bearers come whirling and dancing, as if possessed with a spirit, under the excitement of the crowd which follows, and the sounds of timbrels, drums, flutes, hautboys, and cymbals. The more he dances, and consequently the slower he advances, the more approbation he receives from the crowd.

Many of the cavady-bearers were so overcome by the heat,

the previous fasting, the fatigue of the burden, and the exertion of whirling and dancing with such an unwieldy affair on their shoulders, as to faint continually, and require the almost constant attendance of their companions to relieve them of the weight for an instant, and revive them by throwing water over them, and giving them drink. How my heart moved me to call to them in the words of Jesus, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden. Take my yoke upon you." Some who bore cavadies were quite small; and one or two were boys not more than five or six years old, attended by their fathers to see that they made no mistake. Some performed an additional penance by having hooks in their backs, held tight by a string in an attendant's hand, or spears through their cheeks. But it is doubtful whether these last are not fixed there by some mechanical contrivance; for there was no appearance of soreness or blood; and we never see men with holes in their cheeks, as there would be if they had been really pierced. The people consider it done by a miracle. The bearer makes the circuit of the temple, and, going within, makes his offering of milk or camphor, which he has brought in a brass pot attached to the arch.

About one o'clock, the car which stood at the further end, in front of the temple, began to move around the walls, being drawn with two thick ropes by some forty men on either side, and followed by rolling devotees and bowing women. The idol in the centre of the car, attended by three or four priests, was too small to be seen; but the whole company stood with bared shoulders, to do it reverence. The car stopped once, to enable a man to present an offering of the milk of young cocoanuts, which were broken on a stone; then it was drawn on, until it stood just beneath us, and before a pile of a thousand cocoanuts. A young blacksmith, who was about to make an offering of these, occupied a small shed or booth opposite, which he had erected for the purpose, and where he had been performing preparatory ceremonies. A plantain-tree ornamented each side of the door-

way ; and a bunch of the ripe fruit hung on the pole overhead. This annual ceremony of breaking a thousand young cocoanuts before the god was in performance of a vow made by his uncle years ago, in a time of distress, and, since his death, continued by the nephew, who was the inheritor of his property. As soon as the car stopped, the man came from the booth, and carried forward his offering of a cocoanut, mango, and portion of a jack-fruit to the officiating Brahmin, who received it, and gave him in return sacred ashes, which he rubbed on his forehead, neck, and breast. After acts of adoration, he retired backward, until he stood by the heap of nuts. Two stones had been provided, and four men occupied themselves in handing him the nuts ; while he hurled them, one by one, against the stones with his right hand, as fast as he could raise it.

They were young and easily broken ; and the ground was speedily soaked with the milk, and heaped with the fragments. Only two or three times was the aim false ; but the work was hard, and lasted nearly two hours. When the last nut was broken, the crowd of poor pariahs, who stood watching for the expected spoil, were let in, to gather up the pieces for themselves. Such a furious scramble then ensued, that, in two minutes, there was not a fragment visible.

The men again seized the ropes ; and the awkward, heavy car moved on, followed by the crowd of devotees, who had kept their places, lying on the ground all the while the ceremony was being performed. A few brisk ones kept up with the car, to enjoy its shade ; others, more weary, followed far behind : while some were very slow in making the circuit, imposing additional tortures. Some of the women wiped their faces, first on one side and then on the other, in the dust, at each prostration ; and some of the men rolled, with their feet in their hands. As soon as the devotees had made their circuit, they rushed to the tank to bathe. When the car-drawing was over, the crowd dispersed ; and all was as quiet as usual.

## TURKEY.

## JOURNAL OF MISS VAN DUZEE.

## CAMP-LIFE.

*June 6, 1870.* — We arose early this morning, and hurried to finish all the preparations for our journey. We were ready to start from Erzroom at nine o'clock, but were detained by the tardiness of the Cartigees [muleteers], who finally made their appearance at three. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, baby Arthur, five weeks old, and myself. After riding an hour, we were overtaken by a heavy shower, which called into requisition all our rubber goods.

*June 7.* — I slept last night in the taktravan [covered wagon], and found it very comfortable. We rose this morning at half-past three, so as to start early; but our Cartigees pretended that they had lost their horses, and did not appear with them until eleven. The day was a very fine one for travelling; yet scarcely three hours had passed when the Cartigees were determined to stop, and we had a high altercation to make them go on. The Turkish soldier who was with us for protection struck one of the men two or three times, and it was half an hour before they could be coaxed and made to proceed.

Meanwhile the clouds had gathered in heavy masses, and presaged a coming storm. We hurried on to a village, intending to camp just outside, but were hardly dismounted when we were overtaken by rain, thunder, lightning, and hailstones as large as peas. I stood and held my horse, while puddles of water gathered around my feet, and the hailstones beat upon my head and back. My riding-skirt was wet and muddy three inches deep; and my hat fell into the mud, white muslin side down. We cover our hats with white to reflect the rays of the sun. I afterwards wore the hat in a storm to wash it. The ground being too wet to pitch our tent, we sent to the village to engage a room, and rode there as fast as possible.



We passed through a long hall into a stable, and opening from that, without a door, was our apartment. It was small, with only two little panes of glass in the top; quite dark, as you may imagine, and rendered worse by the smoke of the fire, which found no outlet. Mrs. Pierce was very tired, yet she and the baby slept soundly. Just think of a five-weeks-old baby out in such storms; but they seemed to agree with him. The fleas were troublesome, and the room so hot and full of stable-air that I could not sleep at all. Only five feet from me stood a mule; and beyond him, horses, mules, and calves, numbering fourteen.

*June 7.* — We are camped in a beautiful spot upon the side of the mountain, surrounded by singing birds, flowers, and rippling brooks. All day we have been wandering among the mountains, looking down into the valleys, and enjoying some splendid views. This mode of travelling is pleasant, but hazardous, as we are in constant danger from robbers.

*June 9.* — We started and went on our mountainous route, ascending slopes so steep and long continued that my saddle slipped back two or three times, although strapped tighter than usual. After journeying some distance, we overtook a caravan stuck in the snow, horses down, and altogether in a sad plight. Our party was obliged to dismount; and we all walked up the snowy road, with the exception of Mrs. Pierce, who rode on Whitey, clinging to his mane, a man leading him.

*June 10.* — This morning the travelling was on a plain, and good. We crossed the Araxes River, which was very deep. A man waded through, leading our horses, and afterwards the tak-travan. Ascending and descending, we were very tired before we reached a camping-place.

*June 11.* — After a long, hot ride, we came to the village of Chevermeh about ten, A.M. Our tent was pitched by the river, a short distance from the pastor's house. Here we were among friends. In the afternoon, Mrs. Pierce and I made eight calls,

carrying the baby with us. The houses all looked alike ; no windows, but a hole in the roof for light ; and the fireplace being immediately under it, the smoke went out of the same hole. The women nearly pulled our hair down examining it, and wondered why I didn't get married. Most of them were friends of my scholars.

*Sunday, June 12.* — Mr. Pierce and I went with two natives to a village two miles distant. As soon as I had alighted, I was greeted with a hug and a kiss from the mother of one of my girls, and in the yard was saluted in like manner by another. The women assembled to meet me at the home of one of my pupils, and I held a personal conversation with seven of them ; after which Mr. P. and I were provided with a good dinner, consisting of bread and eggs, bread and madzoon [sour milk], and bread with sweet cooked fruit. It was eaten without knife, fork, or spoon. In the afternoon, we went to the chapel, which was crowded. Mr. Pierce preached ; and, at the close of the service, I held a meeting with sixty women and children. I read, explained, sang, and prayed with them, and then called on the women to follow. Five responded who had never before taken part in public. I obtained from them a pledge to revive their prayer-meeting ; and fourteen promised me that they would attend every week. Thus ended our work there ; and, after our return to Chevermeh, I assisted Mrs. Pierce in conducting a large meeting for women in that village, and afterwards attended a general chapel service. The day had been crowded with work, and I was very tired, but trusted good seed had been sown.

*June 13.* — We find ourselves camped to-night on the top of a mountain, tired and sleepy. The most eventful occurrence of the day was crossing the Euphrates. On reaching the river, several men met us, and said that there was no raft, but that we could cross without one. They wanted Mrs. Pierce to get down from the taktravan. Asking why, they said, "The waters will come into it." — "How will she cross?" — "On our shoulders."

“How deep is the water?” — “Up to our necks.” Think of our fording such a river on horseback. The object of their proposition was to extort money. Just then a person came along who told us that there was another crossing, which we found after travelling an hour. A raft was provided, and all went over dry except the horses. Their saddles were removed, and a man swam across with each horse. Mr. Pierce’s horse was large and heavy, and he could but just keep his nose above water.

*June 15.* — The day was fine ; and, as we rode along, we were reminded of the garden of Eden run to waste. There were great varieties of beautiful flowers, — beds of red tulips, blue grape, hyacinth, mille-fleur, yellow and white roses, gorgeous lilies, sage, pic-plant, and mints.

*June 16.* — To show you how unskilful I am as yet in the use of my new language, I must tell you what an awkward blunder I made yesterday. On seeing a small lake, I attempted to say, “How blue it is!” but instead, said, “How red it is!” And again, “The horse took the bits in his ears,” in place of he took them in his teeth.

*June 17.* — We reached the ruins of what is called a hon (or hotel) for horses and men. We rode within all around on horseback. The walls, built perhaps hundreds of years ago, were of stone, twenty feet high, arched, and must have been very fine when new.

#### RECEPTION AT BITLIS.

*June 28.* — We arrived in Bitlis this morning about eleven o’clock, and were met by Mr. Parmelee. On reaching the missionary grounds, we were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, Mr. Burbank, the Misses Ely, Messrs. Barnum, and Dr. Reynolds. Then came the cry, “The Labarees (of Ooroomiah) are coming;” and soon they were there. In the bustle of meeting

them, Mr. Andrews of Mardin slipped in, no one knew when or where. It was a happy, happy time.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MISSION.

On Saturday morning, we met to organize our annual meeting. Mr. Knapp of Bitlis was chosen chairman; and Mr. Pierce of Erzroom secretary. The meetings throughout were of deep interest. On Thursday afternoon, we had a sweet communion season; and, at that time, Mr. H. N. Barnum of Harpoot baptized Arthur Pierce. A half-hour prayer-meeting was held every morning before business commenced, and we felt the Holy Spirit was present. The meetings closed on Thursday evening, but we remained until after the following Sabbath. On that day, at the communion, ten natives joined the church.

#### RETURN HOME.

Our journey back was very pleasant until the last day, when we had a combination of rain, hail, snow, wind, cold, scanty food, with insufficient clothing, and a hard mountain road. Some places seemed almost perpendicular; and such was the violence of the tempest, that our horses with difficulty kept their way. However, we reached home safely, although much fatigued.

#### LETTER FROM MISS S. A. CLOSSON.

MISS CLOSSON wrote from Talas, May 25:—

“I thank the Woman’s Board for assuming my support. From the first, I have been deeply interested in the work, and rejoice in your success. It is easier to labor, knowing that such a noble band are praying for us.

“There are about forty Protestant women in Cesarea. Were you to attend their Sabbath school, you would find them in the gallery of our church, seated on mats, around the teachers, reciting from the Shorter Catechism. On Tuesday, sometimes

forty or fifty are assembled in the prayer-meeting; and they are greatly interested in the mothers' meeting. Ten women could be employed among the Armenians and Greeks. We hope the sisters will do this work in time. We have two Bible-readers: one in Nigdi, who is seeing the fruits of her faithfulness; and another, who spends most of her time in Cesarea. She is a noble woman, entirely devoted, and wins the love and esteem of all in the great work she is doing. We have been at Talas—which is four miles from Cesarea—over two years. At first, we had from seventy-five to one hundred visitors a day, and still have a goodly number. We seek to interest them by showing the house, the sewing-machine, and playing the organ; then, as the way opens; read the Scriptures, and tell of Jesus' love. A great change has been wrought among this people: their consciences are becoming enlightened and quickened. The priests are watchful, and keep many away. Once a large number gathered, and begged to be read and prayed with; but a priest appeared, and ordered them away, standing by the door till all had passed out. In one out-station, where the work has just commenced among the women, several are learning to read, they are regular at church, and appear anxious to have the helper's wife read with them. One year ago, we spent a Sabbath in the place, and were impressed with the moral courage needed by this people to keep them faithful to Christ. Numbers put their hand to the plough, and, overborne by persecution, turned back. A mother had her three children taken from her because she married a Protestant teacher. She feared to come out on the Lord's side, lest she should never have them again. We spent a night at another village, where, two years before, they were more interested in our dress than in their souls' salvation. Twenty women collected, beseeching us to come to them, and several were learning to read. If middle-aged women, who have said 'they had no souls,' were 'broken wood,' learn for the sake of reading the Bible, our labor is not in vain."

## LETTER FROM MISS PARMELEE.

MISS PARMELEE, writing under date of July 1, thus pleasantly sketches some of her pupils:—

## MISSIONARY PUPILS.

“We have five scholars, who are supported by the Mission, and pledged to the work. Three are wives of theological students. Of the two dear girls, Fareeda, especially, is a great comfort, because she illustrates the class coming up in these Protestant communities. Her father and mother were the first Christian couple Mr. Williams married in Mosul, so that from her birth she has been under happy influences. She has refined, pleasant manners, is bright and intelligent, and we hope the grace of God has renewed her heart. She is anxious to learn, and equally eager to impart to those less favored. Ahdool, also from Mosul, is a good reader, and takes hold of her studies with much interest. Miriam, from Kullaat, is again with us, grateful that she can come. Both she and little Miriam engage in study much better than last year: their winter’s attempt at work has taught them what they need. Little Miriam has been greatly waked up in heart and soul. The third married woman, Alie, is a ripe Christian. It is a pleasure to teach this earnest, loving spirit. Although outside the simple range of Bible truths, her powers are very feeble, yet she has done a good work for Christ these years. Her influence in school is worth much: the others respect her earnest piety.

“You ask how I get on with the Arabic. The women understand me perfectly, and our meetings are becoming very precious. The Lord is blessing some souls.”

## BROOKLYN MEETING.

THE third public meeting of the W. B. M., held in connection with the Annual Meeting of the American Board, met in Brooklyn, in the Church of the Pilgrims, on Thursday, Oct. 6, at 9½, A.M., Mrs. Albert Bowker, of East Boston, presiding.

The exercises were commenced by singing the Doxology.

The President read from the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, accompanying the reading by a few very concise and pertinent remarks. She also read an extract from a letter from Miss Ely of Bitlis, Turkey, giving an account of a revival in that mission-station, quoting the passage read, and citing illustrations of its remarkable fulfilment.

After prayer, an original hymn, written for the occasion, was sung.

## REPORTS.

The minutes of the meeting at Pittsburg were read by Mrs. Geo. Gould. Mrs. E. W. Blatchford of Chicago, representing the W. B. M. I., offered a report, from which we give brief extracts : —

## BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

“In nine of our Western States, auxiliary societies are already formed. It is our ideal, towards which we are constantly working, to have a woman’s society in every church contributing to the American Board. We delight in the fact, proved by the statistics of these two years, that the regular contributions to the Board have been in no way diminished, but rather increased, since our work began.

“One hundred and four of these societies now pour their contributions into our treasury, each giving according to its own ability.

“A feeble, struggling, home-missionary church on the prairie,

by strenuous effort, may send us five or six dollars, while a large, strong, city church may contribute with ease five or six hundred : but such churches are not numerous with us ; and we sometimes feel that the little gifts, the fruit of painful self-denial and consecrated by earnest prayer, are indeed our richest gifts. It is wonderfully sweet, the interest and attachment which gradually and naturally grow up between us and these little bands of Christian women.

“ This year, up to September (and our financial year does not close until November), the amount contributed is seven thousand dollars ; and we count on our list of missionaries, fourteen.

“ But the attempt were vain to measure our work by statistics, unless, indeed, we count the links in the golden chain of love that binds so closely together the hearts of all these home-workers, and stretches away over the sea to our sisters who have gone to teach the gospel to the heathen ; yes, and to those heathen sisters too, bowed down by the cruel bondage of ignorance and sin. Who shall count the links ? Bright angels may ; but our poor arithmetic does not suffice.”

The report of the Boston Board was given by the Recording Secretary *pro tem.*, showing a prosperous condition, both in the home and foreign departments. The receipts of the Treasurer, since January, had been upwards of sixteen thousand dollars.

#### JACKSON AUXILIARY.

Mrs. Hough of Jackson, Mich., gave a spirited account of the formation of an auxiliary in that place. The ladies composing the society agreed to pay a certain amount weekly, the sums promised ranging from two to fifty cents per week. The result of this effort, the first year, was upwards of \$600.00 ; and the second year did not show any material diminution, either of funds or interest.



## PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Mrs. Hartt of Philadelphia detailed briefly the formation of the Branch in that city, which has the promise of co-operation from churches in Washington and Baltimore, besides various others in neighboring States.

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Mrs. Clark, President of the Albany Branch of the Woman's Union Miss. Society, was next introduced. After speaking of the passage of Scripture read at the devotional exercises as sounding in her ears like a bugle-note of triumph for the joyful flourishing of Christ's kingdom, she added, "I do not belong to your Board; yet, while I owe to another entire loyalty and enthusiastic devotion, I do congratulate this society on the success already attending its efforts for heathen women. The world waits for *woman's* agencies. Herein is your Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

## GOSPEL LEAVEN.

Mrs. Rhea of Ooroomiah was then presented, and spoke of the sweetness of dwelling on Christ's words, quoting the passage, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a *woman* took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." In a few words she described the utter degradation of woman without the gospel; made her hearers feel that the world is lost without Christ; and when every heart was ready to ask, "What can be done?" bid us remember the Master's own words: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a *woman* took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

She spoke of the instruction in the Female Seminary at Ooroomiah, where she had spent four years of widowhood, trying to hide this gospel leaven, as eminently biblical. When asked to tell how much of the teaching was from the Bible, she replied

that it was the first study in the morning, the last at night, and occupied much of the intervening time. With great eloquence and pathos she illustrated the power of the simple gospel to civilize and Christianize, and begged, if we would suffer the Bible to be excluded from our schools, never, never to let the heathen know what we Christians had done; for, "if the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

#### FIFTEEN YEARS IN TURKEY.

Miss West, for fifteen years in Turkey, eight of which were spent in Constantinople, said, on rising, —

"My dear Christian Sisters and *Mothers*, — It is good to be here. It is worth crossing the mountains and plains of Mesopotamia and Armenia, sleeping, or rather not sleeping, in mudkhans and stables by the way, fording the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and passing over the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, to be present on this occasion.

"As I look upon this assemblage of more than a thousand Christian women, and think of all that is here represented, both for the home and the foreign field, I am strongly reminded of the words of a gifted English lady, 'This is, of all others, the age of sanctified female talent.' Truly we are living in times foretold by the prophet. God has indeed poured out his Spirit upon his handmaidens; and they prophesy, i.e., *teach*.

"Towards the close of my second year, I visited, with Mrs. Dwight, a Protestant Armenian family, living in the old city, where once it was death for a foreigner to enter. We were speaking of the death of a friend, when one of the women said, with much feeling, 'Oh how dark was the grave to us once! How we shuddered at the thought of dying, and going, we knew not whither! But now, thank God! there is light shed upon the grave. We bless God that he has sent you missionaries to bring it to us. When our dear ones die in the Lord, we know where they have gone, and our separation is not forever.'

“ At the close of my third year of missionary life, I visited Bithynia (where Paul was not permitted to go, and *I*, the least of saints, was permitted to teach Christ). A missionary family had recently been stationed at Bagehejuk, but had not yet acquired the language. On Monday, Mrs. Parsons went with me from house to house; and we invited the women to a meeting that afternoon in the chapel. Forty women came, and many of them heard for the first time the words of life. There was a law in that village, that no woman should enter the church till she was the mother of two children!

“ Thus many had never enjoyed even the dim light of a religion so overlaid with superstition. How they listened! many of them bending forward, in their eagerness, with open lips; and not unfrequently I saw the tears gather, and fall over some wrinkled face. After the meeting, they lingered, reluctant to depart; and, at last, one aged woman clasped me in her arms, saying, ‘ You are an angel sent from God to teach us!’

“ Many a time I was asked, ‘ Have you a mother?’ and, when I replied, ‘ Yes, indeed, a blessed mother!’ the next question was, ‘ How could she give you up to go so far away?’ ‘ Because she loved your souls, and wanted you to get to heaven: she prays for you every day.’ This never failed to touch the heart of even the most indifferent. They would look at each other as if to say, ‘ If *she* cares for our souls, why should not we?’ My mother was the text for many a sermon to those poor women. ‘ Can she read?’ they would ask: and then I could tell them how her Bible comforted and sustained her in her widowhood and many afflictions; how she said to me, when she gave me up for that work, ‘ If *one soul* is saved through your instrumentality, my child, it will repay me for the sacrifice I make in parting with you.’

“ In the providence of God, I was subsequently called to Harpoot, on the Euphrates, to superintend the Training School, for women as well as girls. The wives of the men under training

for the work of preaching and teaching were to be prepared for help-meets in that relation. There, too, the Bible was the basis of our instruction. It was inwrought into almost every lesson.

“Never did I see any thing so wake up intellect, quicken and refine and ennoble all the faculties, as the teachings of this blessed book.

“It was wonderful to watch the change, and mark the contrast, in some of those women who came to us so stupid, — mere clods of earth; to see how the soul began to shine out of their eyes, how their countenances would kindle and glow with new life and light, as they fed upon and were nourished by the ‘Bread which cometh down from Heaven.’

“The great Harpoot plain, with its hundreds of villages and cities, was a moral gymnasium to those schools.

“Not long before leaving Turkey, I went to Malatia, a city on this plain.

“On the Sabbath the pastor gave notice that all the women must stay at home on Monday to receive ‘the teacher.’ Going from house to house, I found in many cases fifteen or twenty of my own sex, waiting to learn from my lips the way of life.

“Many were melted to tears by the simple story of the cross, and, following me to the door, begged me to tell them ‘just a little more.’ The result of that day’s visit cannot be computed by numbers alone. Scores of women began at once to learn to read the word of God for themselves; and he blessed the spoken word to the conversion of not a few.” At the close of Miss West’s remarks, which were listened to with eager interest, the audience rose and sung the hymn commencing,

“Christian, slumbering, canst thou stay  
From the ripening fields away.”

#### PLEA FOR CHINA.

- Mrs. Chapin of Tung Chow, China, followed, saying that she owed more to the W. B. M. than any other person; for it had

given her Mary Andrews. She bore glowing testimony to Miss Andrews's character as a Christian worker, and spoke with deep feeling of the invaluable aid afforded to her by so efficient a helper. She carried the enthusiasm of the audience with her ; nor did she fail to elicit their warmest and even tearful sympathy for herself and the station she represented, when she spoke with choked utterance of a telegram that morning received, bringing intelligence that the lives of our missionaries in Northern China were in great peril, the late massacres at Tientsin having served to arouse hostility towards all foreigners.

She begged all present to pray for deliverance from these dangers for the loved ones in China, and also urged, that, should her beloved associate lose her life, the Woman's Board would heed the call of the four hundred millions in China, and fill up the broken ranks.

As Mrs. Chapin took her seat, numerous requests were sent to the platform, that prayer might be offered then for the safety of Miss Andrews ; and all hearts united in the fervent petitions sent up to Him who has not said in vain, " Ask and ye shall receive."

#### A VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC.

Mrs. Snow of Micronesia was then introduced by the President, who said that this was probably the last occasion on which she would meet with us before returning to her island home. She bore noble testimony to Christ's faithfulness to his last promise during eighteen years of service, which her audience knew had been marked by peculiar trials and privations.

Her stirring appeal, " Let us put away all superfluities, and *work* for Him," reached every heart. Her two children, whom she will leave behind, she commended most tenderly to the prayers of Christian mothers. In closing she said, —

We shall meet again, but not here. Meanwhile we have a *work to do*, — *each of us*, for

" We are living in a grand and awful time."

## CLOSING EXERCISES.

The President, in a few closing remarks, spoke with warm interest of other organizations doing a work similar to our own, and bade them, in the name of the Board she represented, a hearty God-speed.

She alluded to the quarterly, "Life and Light," sent out by the Boston Board, saying that the great hinderance to Christian activity is the lack of sanctified Christian intelligence; and urged every lady to help swell its list of subscribers, that its light and life might be diffused through the world.

She referred also to the valuable publications sent out by other societies, — "The Female Missionary Intelligencer," from England; "The Missionary Link," from the Union Miss. Society, New York; "The Heathen Woman's Friend," by the ladies of the Methodist Church; and expressed the wish that their circulation might be very greatly increased.

The singing of the hymn, —

"The heathen women wait to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow,"

concluded exercises, which, in point of thrilling interest, have rarely been excelled. A large and appreciative audience remained to the close; and then the question was asked, "Can we not have another meeting this afternoon?" God grant that the good impressions there received may lead every one who listened to ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

A. C. GOULD,  
*Rec. Sec., pro tem.*

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For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald" for September, October, and November.



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DECEMBER. PUBLISHED BY THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS. 1870.

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## LITTLE CARRIE.

BY MISS NORCROSS.

A YOUNG man, from a village near by, applied some months ago for the admission of a pupil in our school in Eski Zagra. He was told that the girl was too young, and that the house was already full; and, after visiting the school, returned home. A few weeks later, he appeared at the door, leading his little sister with one hand, and carrying her bundle of clothing with the other. Calling for the smallest girl in school, he exclaimed, with a comical expression of countenance, "See, she is as large as that little girl!" Our pupils were greatly amused, and began so heartily to arrange for the fulfilling of the various duties that would fall upon the new-comer, that we concluded to smile too. I gave one corner of my room for a sleeping apartment, and we all enjoy the little one very much. Her name is Carrie; and I wish I could give you a picture of her.

Imagine a child ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark complexion, nut-brown curly hair, head thrown back, and figure slight and erect as an Indian. She is clad in a striped brown woollen dress, just low enough in the neck, and long enough at the feet, to reveal the edges of the heavy cotton undergarments, which are embroidered with colored woollen yarn, — sometimes wearing stockings and shoes. But, best of all, Carrie's countenance is radiant with the realization of the truth, that she is one of Jesus' little lambs. Only a few weeks after her arrival, I said to her one evening, "My lamb, it seems you are not sleepy to-night. Why do you not go to sleep?" — "Because I am thinking." — "Thinking of what?" — "O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not." — "Did he ever invite little children to come to him?" She repeated the passage, "Suffer little children." "Well, who is this for?" Rising from her couch, she exclaimed, "It is not for you, is it? You are not a child. No: these words are for me, *for me!*" Jesus did not leave dear Carrie long to wonder if he loved her; and when, two weeks later, she knelt in the little girls' prayer-meeting, and poured out her soul in thanksgiving to the precious Saviour, every heart was gladdened. The next day she went to the little girl whose short stature seemed to be her passport into school, and, putting her arms around her, said, "Why don't you come into our meetings?" A reason was given. "Oh!" she replied, "Satan gives you that reason, but Jesus won't listen to it. I love you very dearly, and want you to come to meeting; won't you?" She could not withstand the simple, earnest entreaty; and, a few days after, I found her alone, reading with tears the eleventh chapter of Luke.

I have never seen a mind unfold and expand under the sunlight of the gospel more beautifully than Carrie's. It was worth coming to Turkey, to hear her earnest inquiries about Jesus.



## AFRICAN CHILDREN.

MRS. WALKER of the Gaboon mission, in a letter to our Treasurer, says, —

“The youth and children under our care are much help and comfort. Out of school, the boys keep the premises in order ; the girls do the washing, ironing, house-cleaning, and are skilful with the needle. When confined to the bed, in a late illness, I feared it would be necessary to go home. A large pile of sewing lay near at hand. I said to the four eldest girls, ‘When can you do that work? It is waiting for you.’ In two days it was neatly finished. We gave them one week in which to sew for themselves, and each fitted and made nicely a new dress. These dusky maidens are tasty, and take pride in fashioning their garments in the latest style. Three hours each day are occupied with studies. In the evening they commit verses of Scripture, and on the Sabbath recite fourteen or twenty passages apiece. Two elder girls and one boy assist in teaching.”

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## YOUTHFUL SYMPATHY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS SEYMOUR.

“In a Turkish village, where few Protestants are found, a woman read to a group of children the story of Samuel. A little Armenian girl, nine years old, strayed into the room, and for the first time heard a Bible narrative. Directly she obtained and mastered a primer, and then wanted a Bible. Her father refused to buy one, saying, “What do you want of a Bible?” “I want to learn to read, so that I can go to the girls’ school at Harpoot.” He angrily replied, “I’ll put your head into the fire, before you shall go there!” — “You can only burn my body, father,” she replied ; “for my soul would go to Jesus!” Hearing of this, the pupils collected money among themselves, to buy her a Bible and hymn-book, and of their own accord

sent her a letter of encouragement. The following is the translation : —

“ *Our beloved sister in Christ, Miriam, —*

“ We greatly rejoiced when we heard your history. By writing this to you, we make known our desire that you remain established in the love of Christ, and we hope that more information we shall hear about you. We love you very much, though with the eye we have not seen you. This holy book with much love and pleasure we present to you, that, by reading the promises of Christ, you may love him more. We have heard that you suffer trouble for the love of Jesus. It is hard, the enduring of affliction ; but in heaven you will be joyful that you suffered for Christ's sake, for he for us endured great tribulation, that he might save us. Paul the apostle suffered much for Christ ; but now how joyful is he ! Read II Corinthians, eleventh chapter, and you will see how much trouble he endured.

We remain your sincere friends,

THE GIRLS BOARDING IN HARPOOT FEMALE SEMINARY.”

### CEYLON SEWING-SCHOOL.

IN a letter from Mrs. DE REIMER, after telling us of a pleasant ride to Thunevy to visit one of her sewing-schools, she says, —

“ On my arrival at the Christian woman's house, I found the little girls on the veranda. The arrangement showed more order than is usual here. Those who could only sew patchwork were seated on one side of the door, and on the other were the pupils who were making jackets. All were seated on nice ola mats, and had on clean cloths, and hair nicely braided. As I entered, they rose and said, together, ‘Salaam, Ammah!’ They looked bright, and pleased to see me. I examined all the work, and asked the name of each child : some were very pretty, such as ‘Pure Gold,’ ‘Pearl Mother,’ and so on. After talking to them a little while, I showed them how the children practised their gymnastics, which delighted them very much.”

## WIDE-AWAKE BOYS.

Two eager childish faces peeped into our room in Pemberton Square. Then the elder boy entered gravely, with a worn copy of the "Echoes" in his hand. He carefully studied a passage he had marked with his chubby thumb, before he said earnestly, —

"Is this the place to get the missionary boxes it tells about in 'Jamie's Bank'?"

His companion followed, with the money clasped in his little palm; and each bought one of the pretty bronze and gilt boxes. The children had walked from a distant part of the city, and were brim-full of missionary zeal.

"You'll see us again," said one, with an emphatic nod, as they left. "Mother makes rosettes for slippers; and I can help her out of school, and earn fifty cents a week!"

"I'm not rich," added the other, tucking his treasure lovingly under his arm; "but I guess I can run errands, and shovel sidewalks next winter, enough to fill this. There's plenty ways of earning money!"

We know these little men will bravely carry through their enterprise; but where are the rest of the boys? H. C. P.

---

## Oh, let me Ring the Bell!

A MISSIONARY far away,  
Beyond the Southern Sea,  
Was sitting in his house one day,  
With Bible on his knee;  
When suddenly he heard a rap  
Upon the chamber-door,  
And opening it, there stood a boy  
Of some ten years, or more.  
He was a bright and happy child,  
With cheeks of ruddy hue,  
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,  
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect  
In boyish sturdiness ;  
But on his lips you could detect  
Traces of gentleness.  
“ Dear sir,” he said in native tongue,  
“ I do so want to know  
If something for the house of God  
You'll kindly let me do.”  
“ What can you do, my little boy ? ”  
The missionary said ;  
And, as he spoke, he laid his hand  
Upon the youthful head.  
Then bashfully, as if afraid  
His secret wish to tell,  
The boy in eager accents said,  
“ Oh, let me ring the bell !  
Oh, please to let me ring the bell  
For our dear house of prayer :  
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,  
And I'll be always there.”  
The missionary kindly looked  
Upon the upturned face,  
Where hope and fear and wistfulness  
United left a tracé.  
And gladly did he grant the boon,  
The boy had pleaded well ;  
And to the eager child he said,  
“ Yes, you shall ring the bell ! ”  
Oh, what a proud and happy heart  
He carried to his home,  
And how impatiently he longed  
For Sabbath-day to come !  
He rang the bell, he went to school,  
The Bible learned to read ;  
And in his youthful heart was sown  
The gospel's precious seed.  
And now to other heathen lands  
He's gone of Christ to tell ;  
And yet his first young mission was  
To ring the Sabbath bell.

## MISSION-CIRCLES.

## THE BUSY WORKERS.

THE 17th of August was a joyous day for our mission-circle, "The Busy Workers" of Swampscott. The weather was delightful. The sun, peeping from beneath the clouds, smiled upon the little ones as they wended their way to the vestry of the Congregational Church with their flowers, cake, or handiwork. They found their good pastor, Rev. J. Thompson, changed to a skilful upholsterer, arranging curtains for the Missionary Museum, which proved quite an attraction.

The tables were handsomely furnished with fancy and useful articles. The wife of the pastor had met her Sunday-school class once a fortnight during the year to aid them in preparing for the occasion; and their contributions were a valuable acquisition. Refreshments were abundant; ice-creams, delicious; and the day passed off to the satisfaction of all.

The proceeds, fifty-seven dollars, it is hoped will stimulate to future effort.

L. F. B.

## FAITH MISSION-CIRCLE.

This class of a Sabbath school in Madison, N.J., held a festival, and sent twenty-eight dollars for the support of a pupil in Miss Rice's school, Ooroomiah. Something more than faith, little workers!

## LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

Received from the mission-circle connected with the Chambers-street Chapel, Boston, eighty-one dollars. Our young friends are earnestly at work, and we entertain much hope from them in the future.

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Twenty-five copies of "The Children's Quarterly" can be obtained for one dollar a year, or one hundred for four dollars, by sending to the secretary of the W. B. M., 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

## Ellen's Penny.

BY EMILY C. PEARSON.

"Now I have a penny, I know what I'll do!"  
Cried pouting pet Clara, in pretty dress new.

"I'll buy nuts and candy, a nice little doll,  
If only my money will pay for them all."

"I'm glad I've a penny!" said Ellen more grave:  
"I'll give it to help a poor child to save.

"I know it is little, but 'tis all I have!"  
So to the mission-box thus saying, she gave.

From the far-away land I hear a child's cry,  
"Oh tell me of Jesus! — in darkness I die."

In mansions of glory, where happy ones dwell,  
"I was saved by a penny," a cherub will tell.

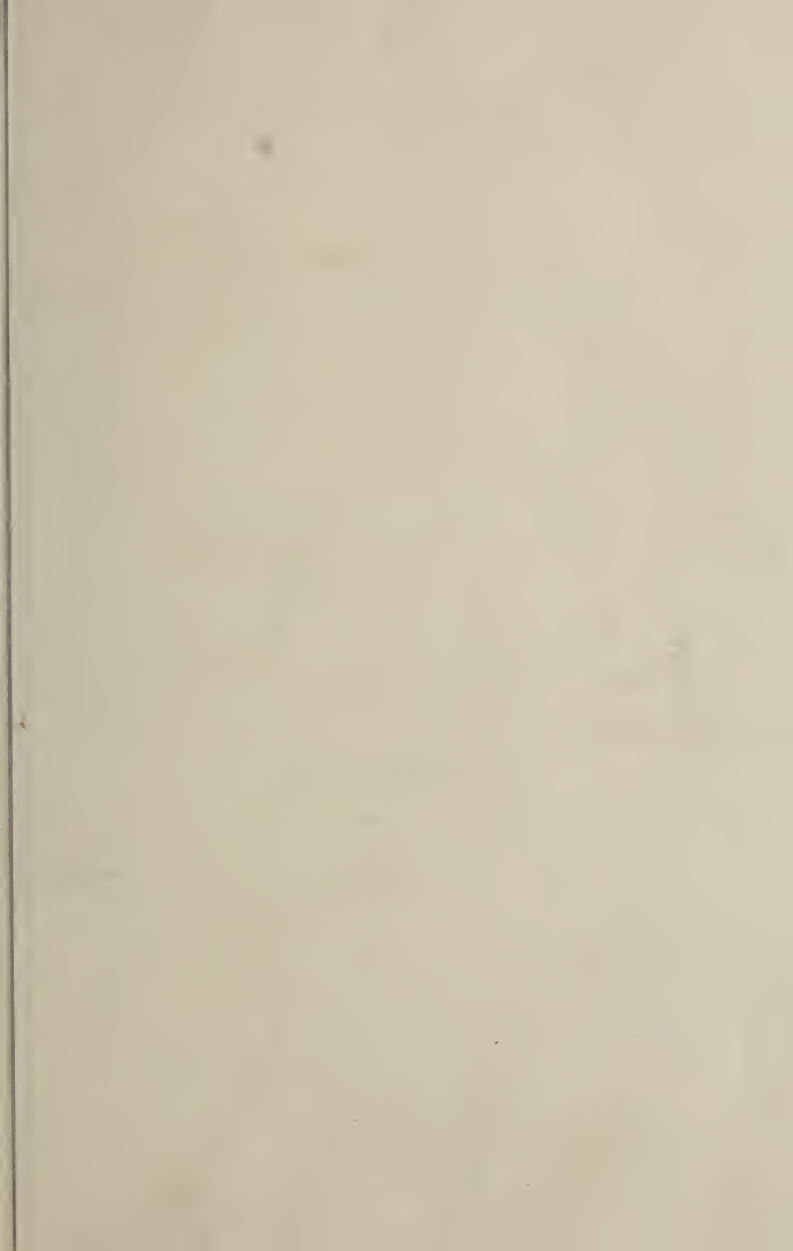
Blithe Ellen gave wisely, wealth storing in heaven:  
To her the dear Saviour's approval was given.

Which will you do, children, which way will you live?  
Be selfish, as Clara, or, like Ellen, give?

---

We were pleased to receive seventy-five cents from little Eddie Brown, his "first savings and earnings."

Go forth, little pennies,  
Gifts of willing hands,  
Blest to work for God  
In far heathen lands.  
Where death's shadow broodeth,  
Spread of truth the light;  
Make the tearful valley  
With Christ's radiance bright.



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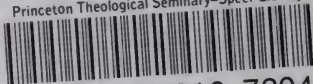


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